

Princess by femmesteve

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Summary:

“You could never understand the responsibilities of the crown,” Steve muttered back, flopping onto his back exhaustedly.

Princess

Author's Note:

Something I wrote for @BillysPrettyBoy on Tumblr!
Send me prompts!: @FemmeSteve ♥️📧

Steve had one hand braced on Billy's chest and the other holding the tiara nestled into his hair. Billy kept bucking into him, trying his hardest to make the damn thing fall off. Steve whined each time Billy's cock hit into him just right, earning him a guttural moan from the boy beneath him.

"Feel good, princess?" Billy teased, "Lookin' a little rough up there."

Steve nodded in response, breathing heavily. Billy paused his thrusts in order to grind slowly into Steve's heat, his hands gripping at Steve's hips hard enough to bruise. The fake jewels in the tiara glinted against the overhead light, drawing Billy's eyes.

"Just had to have that thing, didn't you?" Billy said, "Princess Steve needed his crown. Right, baby?"

Steve groaned in response, hand falling away from the tiara to join his other. He licked his lips and squeezed around Billy's cock, before grinding his hips down to meet Billy's.

Steve leaned down to ghost his lips over Billy's, "As your princess, I demand you stop talking." He muttered.

Billy snorted, "Yes, your highness,"

The amused smile was immediately wiped from Steve's face as Billy went back to thrusting, hitting into him hard so that Steve cried out. A sob ripped from Steve's throat, his head tipping forward. His hands splayed against Billy's chest, eyes and mouth open wide as he took Billy's cock.

"Gonna come. Is that okay, your majesty? That good with the princess?" Billy was panting, words spilling from his lips before he could stop them.

“Not before me,” Steve managed to gasp out in response.

Billy practically growled, fisting Steve’s cock in his hand and pumping steadily. Steve dug his nails into Billy’s skin, feeling his orgasm build as soon as his aching cock was touched. He came with a few more hard pulls, coating Billy’s already sweat slick chest.

Billy came a moment later, arching his back hard. Steve felt it enter him, warm and sticky and familiar. They stayed together for a few minutes, kissing softly through the aftermath.

As soon as Billy’s softened cock slipped out of him, the tiara came off and was discarded onto Steve’s bedside table.

“What, you tired of it already?” Billy asked.

“You could never understand the responsibilities of the crown,” Steve muttered back, flopping onto his back exhaustedly.